

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 226. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1848.

PRICE 1½d.

THE NEW LAIRD OF BALDRIDDLE.

A few years ago, a lounge in the Outer-House—as our Scotch Westminster Hall is termed—might have heard, booming above the general din, the sonorous cry of 'Miss Penney Glendinning *versus* the Laird of Baldriddle,' at which certain gentlemen in gowns and wigs might have been seen hurrying away to attend 'a hearing' in an adjoining court-room. It is certainly, as Peter Peebles observed, a very grand thing to have a law-plea, but occasionally it is more grand than profitable; and in these degenerate days, when a shilling is looked at on both sides before it is parted with, people may be heard pensively and candidly confessing 'that they would put up with a good deal before they went to law'—the whole thing of course being looked upon very properly as a game of chance, all statutory enactments to the contrary notwithstanding.

Our old friend Miss Penney Glendinning was pretty much of this mind when, by a conjuncture of circumstances, she hauled her landlord before the Court of Session—a step, be it known, she did not adopt till she had been hauled up by the said landlord in the first instance; so that it was a kind of litigation vindicatory in which she found herself engaged—an account per contra opened in favour of herself, and chargeable with interest to the Laird of Baldriddle. How Penney sped in this affair is now our business to relate.

Penney Glendinning, it will be remembered by the reader of these pages, was a rustic heroine; a farmer on her own account, who, by extraordinary energy of character, and unceasing industry, reclaimed a wretched piece of land in one of the northern counties of Scotland, and made it bloom like a garden—vastly to her own advantage. Penney's history we had thought was concluded when we dropped it,* but a new incident was added in the form of her law-plea, and without a proper notice of this, her biography would necessarily be incomplete. But how, in the name of wonder, did Penney provoke this stirring incident; for she was a miracle of sound sense, and desired to live at peace with all, her landlord included? Thereby hangs a tale.

It is very true that Penney lived at peace with her landlord, paid her rent regularly, and fulfilled all her other territorial obligations; but this was her first landlord—old Cacanny of Baldriddle, a worthy, decent man, who would not have harmed a fly, whose word was his bond, and who in all things did as he would be done by. It was sad news to Penney and the other tenants when old Cacanny found it necessary to dispose of the Baldriddle estate, and retire to a distant part of the country. It was acknowledged to be the

greatest loss the district had sustained for many a day. What the precise calamity was which brought the Cacanny family, in which the property had been for a hundred years, to this lamentable crisis, is of little consequence. Landlords are exposed to a number of vicissitudes. They are liable to build and improve themselves out of house and home. From spending over-much, and taking matters too easily, they occasionally have to sell all, or at least go under trust. Making a provision for daughters is another serious affair, which sometimes ends badly; though it is not generally half so bad as buying commissions for sons in the army, and paying their debts to keep them out of prison. What heart-rending tales could be told of sons—brilliant, dashing dogs!—ruining fathers, and getting them turned out of their ancestral domains!

In, whichever way the thing happened, old Cacanny was obliged to part with Baldriddle, and a terrible parting it was. For a week previous to departure, he sat in an old arm-chair—the domestic throne of three generations—sunk in a stupor of grief; and not till in some measure soothed and exhilarated by the pious counsels of the clergyman of the parish, could he be persuaded to put his foot in the postchaise which was to drive him for ever from the halls of Baldriddle.

It was known that Baldriddle was sold; but nobody knew anything of the new laird, and his coming to the country was looked forward to with a reasonable degree of interest. The gentry wondered whether he would reside amongst them, and give dinners; the farmers wondered if he would turn out an exhibitor at agricultural shows; and the shopkeepers of the neighbouring town wondered whether he would encourage local trade, or import his groceries from the metropolis. One thing seemed of doubtful portent: his name, Mc'Cosh, sounded harshly, and indicated a plebeian origin. Besides, he had realised a fortune by commerce—a mode of getting rich which is not highly appreciated in rural districts. Yet Mc'Cosh was not a bad sort of man; he considered himself to be very sagacious, and had bought Baldriddle for two special reasons: first, because it was a good investment. Everybody declared it went far beyond its price when it was knocked down at Fraser's sale-rooms for £74,000. But Mr Mc'Cosh knew perfectly well what he was about. The property was improvable in the way of rent. This, however, was not the sole consideration. On the estate there were fourteen tenants, with *bonâ fide* votes, every one of which, as a matter of course, could be counted on. There could, besides, be fixed on the estate forty-five fictitious, yet valid claims—making altogether fifty-nine votes at the beck of the Laird of Baldriddle in the event of a county election. With such a weight of influence—the just and sacred influence of property—if Andrew Mc'Cosh could not screw places out of government for

* See Journal, No. 565, old series.

all his kith and kin, he would allow himself to be called **ASS**.

So much as regards one reason for purchasing Bald-
riddle at so high a figure. Another, somewhat less
substantial, yet by no means illusory, was the sound
of the name. In Scotland, a man is usually called by
the name of his estate; and a purchaser therefore does
not like to saddle himself with a horrible appellation
for the remainder of his existence. 'How do you do,
Drunkie?'—Could anybody stand that? 'Skreigh, I'll
trouble you to hand me a leg of that fowl!'—Worse and
worse! 'I beg leave to propose the health of Glen-
yeukie!'—The thing is too ridiculous! M'Cosh, like a
wise man, thought over all this. He had been diligently
watching the advertisements of estates for several years,
with the view of snapping up the first that came into
the market of a proper size, and which had a finely-
sounding title.

'Baldriddle—Baldriddle! that will do,' said M'Cosh
to himself on looking over the North British Adver-
tiser one day in the Glasgow Exchange. 'Andrew
M'Cosh of Baldriddle, Esq. Yes, that will do. The
name is ancient. Bal is Celtic for town. I see how it is;
the town or seat on the Driddle—a fine trouting river
I daresay. And so many recommendations besides:—
"Vast extent of dry hill pasture—shooting over ten
thousand acres—grouse, blackcock, and deer—highly-
improvable rent-roll—can command nearly sixty votes
for the county—fine old mansion-house—genteel neigh-
bourhood—mail-coach passes the lodge daily," &c. Ad-
mirable! Baldriddle is mine: I would not lose it for
the world.' And true enough M'Cosh purchased Bald-
riddle, as we have intimated, for £74,000, cash down.
On the evening following the acquisition, what a
carouse at Carrick's to congratulate the new Laird of
Baldriddle!

But we must hurry through our preliminaries. The
delight of Mrs M'Cosh and the three Misses M'Cosh on
quitting the amenities of the Cowcaddens, and their
still greater delight in telling everybody they were
going to their country seat, need not be particularised.
It is enough to say that the family reached, and were
installed in, their new mansion without losing their
senses; that the neighbourhood—the scenery of the
Driddle—was pronounced charming; and that the view
from the drawing-room window was declared to be very
much superior in every way to any prospect on the
Saughieha road.

When all things were settled, and the new laird had
got his business-room in order, he began to look about
him. The time was come for seeing how the rent-roll
could be improved. 'No doubt things had been left in a
confused and backward state by that stupid, well-mean-
ing idiot, old Cacanny. But I shall set them to rights.'

Inspired with these high hopes, Baldriddle made a
round of calls on his tenantry, and at length alighted
at the door of our heroine.

'Happy to see you, Mrs Glendinning. I have taken
the liberty of calling to ask for you, and make a few
inquiries about your farm.'

'I am much obliged to you for calling, sir, and beg
to wish you happiness in the property. Please to step
in and take some refreshment after your ride.'

'Thank you,' replied Baldriddle, entering the dwell-
ing; 'I would rather be excused eating anything at
present. My chief object in calling was to ask how
long you have been in the occupation of your farm.'

'I have a lease for nineteen years, and I am now in
the eighth year.'

'You mean seven years have run?'

'Yes.'

'And what is your yearly rent?'

'Two pounds an acre.'

Baldriddle knew this fact previously, but he affected
surprise.

'Two pounds an acre only; and such crops! I have
seen nothing like them north of the Carse of Gowrie.'

'I would be bauld to complain: the crops are no that
bad; but I should tell you that when I entered into pos-
session, the farm was little better than a wilderness, not
worth five shillings an acre. I have drained it, manured
it, sheltered it, and made it what it is.'

'That may be all true; and yet I think you have
too good a bargain of the farm. Would you show me
your lease?'

Peney candidly acknowledged that she had no formal
lease. Baldriddle then requested to see her minute of
lease, or missive; but neither had she anything of that
kind. All she possessed was a scrap of paper on which
old Cacanny had noted the proposed rent until the
lease could be extended.

'Mrs Glendinning, I am very sorry, but this will not
do. You have positively no lease; you are a tenant
at will.'

In vain Peney remonstrated against this cruel su-
position. She said she could easily get a certificate
from the late landlord avowing the nature of the
lease.

'That would serve nothing,' said Baldriddle; 'the
former proprietor is what the lawyers call *functus*: he
is no longer clothed with any authority in the matter.'

'Weel, weel,' replied Peney; 'functus here, functus
there, a' I ken about it is, that I will maintain my rights
if there be justice in Britain.'

The new laird withdrew. War had been as good as
declared between the parties.

'A pretty thing truly,' said Baldriddle to himself as
he rode home; 'a pretty thing that this jade should do
me out of a pound an acre per annum. The land is
worth three pounds if it's worth a farthing. And now
that I think on't, she is not a voter. This comes of
having female tenants. I must get rid of her, and so
not only raise the rent, but make up the voters on the
estate to the neat sixty.'

Animated with these brilliant ideas, Baldriddle sent a
letter to Peney next morning to intimate that she
would require to vacate at Martinmas.

The blood went and came repeatedly in Peney's face
as she read and reflected upon this document; and
though she sat down to breakfast as usual, she cer-
tainly did not breakfast that day. She could only read
and re-read that letter. With her usual good sense and
decision, she resolved, as a first measure, to see some
professional man; and of all men, she thought the
likeliest to serve her would be an old friend, Sandy
McTurk. Dressing herself, therefore, as for an ordi-
nary journey—that is to say, in silence, and with all
the composure she could assume—she had her carriage
brought to the door, and set out to visit this rural
attorney. She fortunately found him at home, scraw-
ling away at a great rate, a sheriff's officer being closeted
with him, and two concurrents at the door. Having
dismissed them, and for some time exercised the re-
mainder of a poker in clearing the ribs of a diminutive
grate, as if to get time to clear up his own thoughts at
the same time, he said, 'Now, ma'am, what may be
your commands?'

Peney told her story, apologising with great humility
for her excessive stupidity in not having obtained a
lease from her late landlord, whose situation he now
knew.

'Stupidity, ma'am!' said Sandy, who was a dry
humorist, and possessed considerable versatility of
talent; 'don't abuse stupidity: there is nothing so
useful as a certain degree of stupidity. The stupidity
of one half of the world makes the other half live.
It is only when stupidity is so excessive as to render
the possessor useless, that it becomes offensive; for

then it can do nothing for itself or anybody else. But a decent degree of stupidity is an absolute necessity of society. Without a certain amount of it in the world, I don't know how many might shut their shops. The end of stupidity would be the end of society, as at present constituted; therefore speak respectfully of stupidity. But stupidity is not your failing; it is too much trust, and that came into the world with original sin. Women *will* trust to the end of the chapter! But you'll have a *missive* of lease?

'No.'

'Nor an offer followed by possession?'

'No.'

'What have you then?'

'Nothing!'

'Nothing like doing a thing out and out when you are at it! Have you a receipt for your rent?'

'Yes.'

'It's a mercy! Let's ha'e a look o't.'

Penney gave the paper, and while he was perusing it, watched every look, as if he had been a physician reading her case, and making up his opinion for life or death; soundly rating herself at the same time internally that she had been so foolish as to place herself in such a predicament.

'This says nothing good,' said Sandy; 'but fortunately it says nothing ill. But how you contrived to settle such a transaction without *some* scrap of writing or other'—

'There was a trifling note,' said Penney; 'but it says nothing; merely states the rent I was to pay.'

'And is that nothing, you taukie?' and he eagerly seized the note.

He looked at the note on both sides, and endwise also, lest there might be in any corner a latent word; and placing his foot against the chimney-jamb, looked to the ceiling for some time.

'This is in the handwriting of the landlord of course, or of his clerk, or factor?'

'It is in the handwriting of the landlord.'

'And there was *no other writing*?'

'Nothing else whatever; except, I think, his copying that into his book when he again returned it to me; and giving his hand, wished me prosperity, and we parted.'

'Oh,' said the legal adviser, 'in *that* case, and under all these circumstances, if they could be proved, you have as good a lease as need be, at least I think so; only, to do you justice, it is through no merit of yours: all pure accident; but no matter. And now, do you wish to punish the scamp? Because, if you do, I'm your man.'

'He certainly has not been very kind to me,' said Penney.

'You don't know half the kindness he intends you,' said Sandy. 'If you wish to see it, I will show it you; and if you don't then punish him, the world will owe you a grudge, particularly as it will be necessary to do so merely to do yourself justice. Therefore I'll tell you what you are to do—that is, if you are to be guided by me.'

Penney declared she would be guided wholly and solely by him, and by him only.

'You had better,' said Sandy, 'or I sincerely believe that in a very few months you'll be a beggar, as surely as the king's a gentleman.'

Penney repeated her vows of obedience, only begging he would say what she was to do.

'Then here are my directions: Go home as if nothing had happened; say nothing of your having been here; take no notice of your landlord's letter, nor of anything he may do, but keep me advised; and don't do that openly, but slip a letter into the post-office with your own hand, and not sealed with your thumb, if you please, for anybody has a thimble; and though I am a lawyer, I have a character.'

Penney bowed assent.

'Above all, no gossiping on the subject with your

neighbours, either male or female; nor even with your sweetheart, if you have one; for they would *burst* if they could not tell how you mean to tickle the laird. Ah how nicely I shall wind him a pin!'

Penney again bowed in token of obedience.

'Now I'll tell you what you are to expect,' said the oracle. 'You'll see your farm let over your head, if any one be bad enough to take it; absolutely, if you do not frighten your landlord, that will be pickle the first; but if you do anything to alarm him, he will take care to preserve a loophole, and so you will miss fire. In due time he'll eject you!'

'Eject me!' said Penney. 'What is that?'

'Turn you out of house and home to be sure, without mercy and without remorse; at least I'll try that he shall!'

Penney looked bewildered.

'Because,' added Sandy, slapping the table, 'that's the cream of the jest!'

Penney still looked ignorant.

'That's to be the foundation of our action of damages!'

But Penney didn't want any damages; only the possession of her farm, or at least payment for the improvement of the land and fences, and for her drain-tiles, as had been promised: all her toil and anxiety she expected to see go for nothing.

'You shall lose *nothing*,' said Sandy firmly: 'that is, if you can keep your own counsel, and be guided by me: and by the bye, you are to remember this as a first thing: they'll be coming about you with papers—*sign nothing*, and *say nothing*. They may ask you to acknowledge that you have received a summons, and turn it into an agreement to remove, without legal proceedings; in which case you are done for, if you were the only woman on earth.' Penney promised she would neither write nor speak in reference to this matter.

'You had better not,' said the lawyer, 'or don't come near me: your life would not be safe. But in the hope that you are not to be an idiot, but a good and obedient client, I'll give you a glass of wine, and give it you with my own hand, in case the servants even of this house might blab, and spoil as good-a-looking case as a gentleman need wish to have.' With this he did as he proposed, and having joined in drinking confusion to all bad landlords, Penney returned home much comforted.

Everything happened as Sandy had predicted, which, though but in the usual course, raised him almost into a prophet in his client's eyes. The lands were let to a Mr Snoove, who had become rich by a legacy, and, having purchased Mount-Hooly for his heir, wanted this comfortable farm for a younger son. They came and looked over everything, and even arranged their plans of improvement in Penney's sight and hearing. She considered it prudent to show some feeling upon the occasion, and observed that they were about to receive the benefit of all her labours for years, while she might be turned upon the world penniless. Mr Snoove knew nothing about that, but observed what a pity it was that she had not had a lease. 'With honest men and gentlemen,' Penney was beginning, and meant to conclude by saying the justice of her case would have been sufficient, when Mr Snoove asked his son if he thought the house would suit, or if it must be wholly pulled down. This was a sore trial to Penney's spleen. She could have said something very edifying upon the ups and downs of life, upon the circumstances that had made him for the present great, and her for the present small, and particularly as to the excellence of the precept, 'not to gut fish till one gets them;' but she restrained herself, and merely said that she would permit no alterations while she remained there; and they parted with no very kindly feelings.

At last the day for removal or ejectment came; and though Penney had been comforted the very night before by an assurance that her agent would be with her in due time, she arose and dressed herself that morning with something of the feelings of one dressing for exe-

cution, and mainly comforting herself indeed with the reflection that it was not so.

Just as the hour was up, a person made his appearance, but seemingly so stricken in drink, that Peney plainly told him she could not then hear anything he might have to say, as she was very anxiously expecting some gentlemen upon business.

'No,' said the other, 'not gentlemen, only a gen'l'man; and I am from that individual;' and taking out a great vulgar mull, he finished with an enormous pinch of snuff. The man's clothes were coarse, and all puckered, as if by sitting on them while wet; they were ill made, and seemed too small. He wore a brown wig, which was awry. His nose was red and fiery, as if it had lived for years on snuff and whisky; and his thumb-nail was never tired of tapping, with drunken gravity, against the lid of his mull, from which he perseveringly regaled himself. He was more like a drover's servant than any one acquainted with business, and Peney was quite appalled.

At that moment the messengers made their appearance coming to dispossess her. She was almost heart-broken while she asked if Mr M'Turk would not be there himself.

'Nobody but me, ma'am,' said the inveterate snuffer; 'but you'll see how I'll—I'll tickle the villains. Remain you to receive the gen'l'men; and do it with all civility: no deforc'ing—deforc'ing is dangerous. But before they have quite completed their business, call me!' and he staggered off, as if to lie down to sleep. Peney almost inclined to go also, and he saw it, when, patting her on the shoulder, and almost missing the shoulder occasionally in the operation, he said as she was so overcome, he would stand by her—he would stay and receive the gen'l'men *himself*; and he did so accordingly.

They came, and after some civil words, to which Peney made no answer, they read the warrant for ejectment, which our drunken friend pronounced all right, quite right, nothing could be more so; but he added that he had a little bit of a paper about him somewhere; and with that he contrived to draw from his pocket a letter, which he opened with some difficulty, it being very much crumpled, and handing it to the officer, asked him to read that: quite a simple thing, only it does the business; and I suppose when you have duly considered it, you'll pack up your traps and toddle?

The officer said it seemed to be a copy of a *sist*; but it was in noway authenticated, nor notoriously intimated, and so they must proceed.

'Seems a *sist*!' said the apparent drunkard; 'and not intimated! Have you no eyes: can you not hear? Have you no ears: can you not read? But, however, you, Joseph Jaap, and Charles Scowther, Esquires! listen to what I shall read:—"To see and answer within fourteen days, and in the meantime *sists* procedure"—signed "Caleb Maunder," whom everybody knows to be a senator of the College of Justice, under the style and title of Lord Balcraib, and an excellent judge he is; and attested, as a true copy, by Cosmo Balderstone, S.S.C. As to the person that intimates the *sist*, that is of no consequence; that is the document, and any one contravening it proceeds at his peril—in my opinion.'

The officers proceeded, however, to the seeming astonishment of our drunken friend, who informed his hearers, that as the document he had had the honour to intimate proceeded *ex deliberatione domorum concilii et assensu** they, in his person, defied the whole Court of Session, and through that the king and all his forces! Still they proceeded, and took a pot from the kitchen fire and placed it on the green, as a symbol of the furniture being ejected.

'I take instruments in your hands, Joseph Jaap, quoth the tipsy man, 'that here has been a violent

intromitting with one of his majesty's kail-pots! or at least with the kail-pot of a lady under his majesty's protection.'

They next removed the fire from the hearth, led poor Peney from her domicile, her servants accompanying her; our drunken friend all the time exhibiting an immensity of Bardolphian astonishment, and snuffing violently; and finally the officer locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

'Well, that's complete anyway,' said the drunken envoy; 'very. Will you favour me with the name of the gen'l'man who has done all these fine things, and a schedule of your execution as soon as may be?'

'Presently,' said the officer, and immediately drew it out.

'Insert—I say, insert—that a *sist* was intimated; will you?'

But the officer declined, as it had not been regularly intimated.

'Then I must preserve the fact in my own way. What is your exact profession if you please, for I am not sure what these hieroglyphics may mean?'

'I am a messenger-at-arms,' said the officer, drawing himself up with dignity, 'as my signature clearly shows.'

'And I,' said our friend, 'am Alexander M'Turk, solicitor at law, as that signature more clearly shows,' and with that he handed him a copy schedule of protest.

'Mr M'Turk,' said Peney, seizing him with both her hands, 'how could you torment one so?'

'All for your good, as the Spaniard said when he went to hang the prince.'

'Mr M'Turk,' said the officer, stammering, and looking very pale, 'you'll remember that, in intimating that *sist*, you did not announce yourself as an official person.'

'Neither do I now,' said the audacious Sandy, quite recovered from his pretended drunkenness. 'I wish to try the point whether the orders of the Court of Session may not be intimated by a colley dog!'

'And so you mean to oppose this removal?'

'Yes—everything. I'll floor this fellow, and I'll floor you! I'll have your very concurrents up for meddling with this lady's kail-pot, for they at least held no warrant for their impudence. A sheriff's officer has no right to act in such a matter by another hand.'

'I am willing to restore possession upon caution,' said the officer.

'But we won't accept it,' said the lawyer, 'even without caution. You will be glad to give it upon any terms; and in the meantime, you are answerable for this property, and for all damages and expenses; and Miss Glendinning and her family must go and live at an inn.' So saying, he made his bow, and walked off arm in arm with his client, the servants bringing up the rear, and those left behind looking very disconsolate upon their ejected kail-pot.

We may pause to mention that a *sist* is an order issuing from a judge of the Supreme Court to stay proceedings in a cause upon allegation of error, until there is time to inquire into the truth and effect of the allegations; and though it often vexes an eager or vindictive litigant to be stopped in mid-volley, and within sight of his prey, it as often serves the ends of justice, and even betters the position of the pursuer; for if the grounds of *sist* appear at all doubtful, security to abide all consequences must be found, and still the suspension may be quashed at the end of the fourteen days.

In consequence of having proceeded to eject in the face of this important injunction, Baldriddle was placed in a most unpleasant dilemma; for his agent had committed an illegal act, and exposed him to an action of damages. A somewhat complicated law-plea now ensued, in which the whole question as to the validity of the lease was debated. With the *per contra* plea for wrongful ejectment, it was considered one of the prettiest cases that had for some years been before the courts. Sandy M'Turk's prognostications proved to be

* The abbreviations of *ex deliberatione domorum concilii et assensu*, but spoken by ignorant persons as written.

well-founded. It was finally decided that the slip declaring the rent of the farm, in the handwriting of the landlord (and it would have been the same if by any one authorised by him), followed as it had been by possession, and the payment and receipt of rent, was evidence sufficient of 'an agreement for a lease'—the usual and therefore legal period of lease being nineteen years.

Peney therefore triumphed in the question as to the lease, and not being vindictive, she accepted a compromise for the indignity of ejectment, all her expenses of course being paid. The result added much to the fame of Peney's solicitor, and in like proportion damaged the character of her landlord. Baldriddle was thenceforth a marked man; other landlords were shy of his acquaintance; and to increase his humiliation, his wife and daughters, notwithstanding many efforts, were unable to cultivate a visiting acquaintance with the ladies of the county. All heartily wished themselves back to the Cowcaddens; and Andrew was heard to confess that he had never anywhere been so happy as when 'makin' siller in his small office in Miller Street.'

The object of Baldriddle's oppressive measures was, on the contrary, quite at her ease. She might have continued in the possession of her greatly-improved farm till the end of her period; but from what had passed, she was anxious to cede possession; and fortunately, her proposed successor remained anxious to obtain it. Peney therefore retired on an agreement to receive the surplus rent for the remainder of the lease.

This true story is not without its moral. It has shown that the law of landlord and tenant in Scotland is mixed up with justice, and 'leans to virtue's side.' It constantly sides with honesty of intention against attempted roguery; and aims at substantial justice in disregard of pure law; and though the safety of this may be questioned by sticklers, it is only by at the same time questioning human integrity. It is the only species of law by which society can be made happy or prosperous; and Scotland is an example of its efficacy, as countries not far remote are of the miseries flowing from a different system. In these countries triumph would have crowned the miserable doings of the NEW LAIRD OF BALDRIDDLE.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN AUSTRALIA.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written on the subject of Australia, public attention is still called to the subject from time to time by the reports of new enterprises or new discoveries in that remarkable country. A further contribution to our stock of information on the subject has just been made by Sir T. L. Mitchell, surveyor-general of the southern colony, in a work which presents several claims to notice.* This gentleman is already favourably known as an active explorer. The object of the late expedition was to discover, if possible, a direct overland route from Sydney to the Gulf of Carpentaria; a route the more necessary, in consequence of the increasing trade with India, for which the only channel at present is the dangerous passage of Torres Straits. A glance at the map of Australia will show the extent of this journey—from twelve to fifteen hundred miles—the greater portion over a country never previously visited by civilised man. Such an expedition, combining the promise of a beneficial commercial result with the excitement of adventure, commends itself especially to the feelings of Englishmen; and it is not surprising that the convicts on good be-

haviour, twenty-three of whom were selected for the working division, should have volunteered to join the expedition. The expenses of the journey were provided for by a grant of £2000 from the colonial legislature; provisions were laid in for a year, with drays and bullocks for transport, and 250 sheep, besides carts and horses. The party left Sydney in November 1845.

Approaching the confines of the settled districts, Sir T. Mitchell draws a very unfavourable picture of the squatters, the outliers of civilisation, but possessing apparently none of its virtues. To their brutal recklessness much of the hostility of the natives is to be attributed. As soon as the white man makes his appearance with his herds of cattle, the beauty of the grassy plains and valleys disappears, and the clear ponds, which have long supplied the tribes with water, are trampled into mud-holes. It is easy to conceive the effect of such an intrusion on the mind of the aborigines.

The condition of some of these pioneers of colonisation does not appear to be promising. Sir T. Mitchell gives us a specimen:—'Calling,' he writes, 'at a shepherd's hut to ask the way, an Irishwoman appeared, with a child at her breast, and another by her side: she was hut-keeper. She had been there two years, and only complained that they had never been able to get any potatoes to plant. She and her husband were about to leave the place next day, and they seemed uncertain as to where they should go. Two miles further on, a shoemaker came to the door of a hut, and accompanied me to set me on the right road. I inquired how he found work in these wild parts. He said he could get plenty of work, but very little money; that it was chiefly contract work he lived by: he supplied sheep-owners with shoes for their men, at so much per pair. His conversation was about the difficulty a poor man had in providing for his family. He had once possessed about forty cows, which he had been obliged to intrust to the care of another man at 5s. per head. This man neglected them: they were impounded, and sold as unlicensed cattle under the new regulations.

"So you saw no more of them?"

"Oh yes, your honour, I saw some of them *after they had been sold at the pound!* I wanted to have had something provided for a small family of children; and if I had only had a few acres of ground, I could have kept my cows."

'This was merely a passing remark, made with a laugh, as we walked along. But the fate of a poor man's family was a serious subject. Such was the hopeless condition of a useful mechanic, ready for work even in the desolate forests skirting the haunts of the savage. So fares it with the *dijecta membra* of towns and villages, when such arrangements are left to the people themselves in a new colony.'

The great difficulty in penetrating into the interior of Australia is want of water, aggravated by intense heat. We read of 'hot winds that blew like a furnace,' with a temperature of 129 degrees, and inside the tent 117 degrees. At times, the party, after toiling in the fierce heat all day, were compelled to pass the night without water; the distress and anxiety on such occasions are indescribable. Cattle died, and men were nearly going mad for want of water; in addition to which, several of the number, including the leader, were attacked by ophthalmia. It was after crossing the Bogan, and while traversing the arid district between that river and the Macquarrie, that the worst of these disastrous effects were experienced. Near the dry bed

* Journal of an Expedition into the Interior of Tropical Australia, in Search of a Route from Sydney to the Gulf of Carpentaria. By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir T. L. Mitchell, &c. London: Longmans. 1848.

of the latter stream, a halt of some days was made, to enable the party to recruit and repair the vehicles. Here they heard from some passing horsemen of a flood coming down from the eastward, caused by rain having fallen in the Turon mountains; and towards the close of the day, two of the men, who had been walking several miles up the dry channel, came in and reported their surprise and narrow escape from the descending stream. Night came on, and still it had not made its appearance; but a few hours later, a distant crashing roar drew many of the party from their repose in the camp to the bank. Not one among them had ever witnessed such a sight before. 'At length,' pursues the narrative, 'it rushed into our sight, glittering in the moonbeams, a moving cataract, tossing before it ancient trees, and snapping them against its banks. It was preceded by a point of meandering water, picking its way, like a thing of life, through the deepest parts of the dark, dry, and shady bed, of what thus again became a flowing river. By my party, situated as we were at that time, beating about the country, and impeding in our journey solely by the almost total absence of water—suffering excessively from thirst and extreme heat—I am convinced the scene can never be forgotten. Here came at once abundance, the product of storms in the far-off mountains that overlooked our homes. My first impulse was to have welcomed this flood on my knees, for the scene was sublime in itself, while the subject—an abundance of water sent to us in a desert—greatly heightened the effect to our eyes. Suffice it to say, I had witnessed nothing of such interest in all my Australian travels.' A fortnight afterwards, the travellers reached the final outlet of the Macquarrie, which stream, in common with other Australian rivers, and contrary to what takes place in other parts of the world, diminishes in volume the farther it extends from its source. In this place the Macquarrie had dwindled down to a muddy ditch, which any one might step across. 'The flood had gone to fill thousands of lagoons, without which supply, those vast regions had been unfit for animal existence. Here,' adds Sir T. Mitchell, 'we discover another instance of that wonderful wisdom which becomes more and more apparent to man, when he either looks as far as he can into space, or attentively examines the arrangement of any matter more accessible to him. The very slight inclination of the surface of these extensive plains seems finely adapted to the extremely dry and warm climate over this part of the earth. The slope is so gentle, that the waters spread into a network of reservoirs, that serve to irrigate vast plains, and fill lagoons with those floods that, when confined in any one continuous channel, would at once run off into the ocean.' As the party advance, the fertility of the soil appears in the luxuriant vegetation. A species of grass, *Panicum laevinode*, is described as reaching up to the saddle-girths during many miles of the route. The seeds of this plant, when pounded, are made into a sort of bread, and eaten by the natives; in some places the grass was found pulled up over a large extent of ground, and laid in heaps to dry. In connection with this part of the subject, we may mention that wherever a sheep or cattle station is established, the hoarhound plant is sure to spring up in great abundance; and no sooner does the white man take up his quarters in any part of the country, than the couch, or dog's-tooth grass, although previously unknown, immediately makes its appearance. These phenomena, which are difficult of explanation, have a parallel in the animal kingdom in the appearance of the turnip-fly, in whatever part of the world English turnip seed may be sown.

A division took place on arrival at the Balonne river. Sir T. Mitchell pushed forward with a detachment, leaving the heavy baggage to follow, under charge of the second in command. They were now approaching what is comparatively rare in Australia—a hilly district, on the northern slopes of which they hoped to find a water-shed and river flowing towards the gulf. Height

after height was ascended by the indefatigable leader with his theodolite, so as to be able to lay down a correct map of the route by trigonometrical survey. These eminences commanded a broad expanse of country; 'but the most interesting sight to me,' he observes, 'was that of "blue pics" at a great distance to the north-west—the object of all my dreams of discovery for years. No white man had ever before seen these. There we might hope to find the *divisio aquarum* still undiscovered, the pass to Carpentaria still unexplored.'

In June 1846, an encampment was made on the banks of the Maranoa, where the majority of the party were to remain, while Sir T. Mitchell and a few men advanced rapidly towards the point on which all their hopes were fixed. This part of the journey, which occupied several months, embraced a region of great natural beauty and amazing fertility. Among the hills all apprehensions were removed as to finding water; the blue pics were successively passed, and named after the first living savans of England; and the party were rewarded by the sight of scenery whose sublime features will one day inspire the painters of the southern hemisphere. In fact, the author's expression of his feelings, the unbounded sense of freedom and delight awakened by the limitless landscape, can hardly be appreciated by those who dwell in a land laid out by acts of parliament. Something new met the explorers at almost every step—new birds, new plants. Bees were found scarcely larger in size than gnats or mosquitoes, whose deposits of honey in hollow trees often furnished the travellers with an agreeable regale. The honey is described as transparent and slightly acid; but the wax in which it is enclosed, 'in appearance and taste much resembled fine gingerbread.' There were trees, too, 'of a very droll form. . . . The trunk bulged out in the middle like a barrel to nearly twice the diameter at the ground, or of that at the first springing of the branches above.' A huge pear growing out of the ground, with the small end downwards, and a head of graceful branches spreading from the top, would convey a fair idea of one of these singular objects. Sir T. Mitchell saw one which was thirty feet girth in the swell, and not more than sixteen at the base; he named the tree *Delabechea*, in honour of an eminent geologist. 'Of its quality,' he writes, 'much remains to be said when it becomes better known; the wood being so light, moist, and full of gum, that a man, having a knife or tomahawk, might live by the side of one without other food or water; as if nature, in pity for the most distressed of mortals, hiding in solitary places, had planted even there this tree of abundance. The wood must contain a great portion of mucilage, for on chewing it, it seems to contain as much nutritious matter as fibre.' As these trees throw out seed pods, we doubt not that ere long some of our enterprising collectors will have specimens growing in their nurseries.

Unfortunately, the main object of the expedition was not realised: on the 25th September the party, through want of provisions, were compelled to retrace their steps, just at the time that the prospect of success was most promising; for they had discovered a magnificent river, four hundred yards wide, which they named the Victoria, running to all appearance in a direct line for the head of the gulf. By the end of the year the band of explorers had returned to Sydney, when the remainder of the cattle and vehicles, &c. was sold for £500. With this sum a second expedition was equipped, and placed in charge of Mr Kennedy, Sir T. Mitchell's second. The fatal encumbrance of drays and oxen in this case will present no obstacle; the party consists of eight men mounted, and the baggage is conveyed in light carts. They started in January 1847, to resume the exploration at the point where it had been left off on the former journey, and follow down the Victoria, which in all probability will bring them to Carpentaria. Looking at the benefits, immediate and prospective,

likely to result from this new attempt to solve the problem of an overland route to meet a line of steamers from Singapore, it is impossible not to wish prosperity and complete success to the enterprise.

CHEMISTRY OF SUMMER.

THE seed, weighing only a few grains, which we throw into the earth in spring, has now become a plant of several ounces weight. Whence comes the additional bulk, and of what does it consist? The pale vernal flowers of a month or two ago have now given place to others of rich and glowing hue. What causes the change? Has the flushed petal some mystic sympathy with the ruddy cheek? And if so, on what principle do men and plants alike draw health and beauty from the influences of summer? Such questions cannot fail to suggest themselves at the present season; and they are answered in a very agreeable manner in a volume to which we wish to draw our readers' attention, treating of those natural phenomena of the year which admit of interpretation by chemical science.*

A vegetable, and the generality of vegetable products, such as lignin or woody fibre, sugar, and starch, are found, on analysis, to be composed, one-half of carbon, and one-half of the constituents of water—oxygen and hydrogen. An average-sized oak, therefore, weighing about sixty tons, contains thirty tons of carbon; and the half million tons of sugar consumed annually by the population of Europe, contain a quarter of a million tons of carbon. One's first idea is, that this enormous quantity of a solid element must be derived from the solid earth; but chemistry demonstrates that the earth loses no considerable weight through the growth of plants. The following experiment is conclusive:—Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthenware vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain-water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During the space of five years, the earth was carefully watered with rain-water, or pure water; the willow grew and flourished; and to prevent the earth from being mixed with fresh earth, or dust blown upon it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate, perforated with a great number of small holes, suitable for the free admission of air only. After growing in the earth for five years, the willow-tree was removed, and found to weigh one hundred and sixty-nine pounds, and about three ounces; the leaves which fell from the tree every autumn were not included in this weight. The earth was then removed from the vessel, again dried in the oven, and afterwards weighed; it was discovered to have lost only about two ounces of its original weight; thus one hundred and sixty-four pounds of lignin or woody fibre, bark, roots, &c. were certainly produced—but from what source?

Ay, from what source? The chemist who made this remarkable experiment concluded, almost as a matter of course, that the tree derived the increase in its contents from water, the only obvious source; and it was left to succeeding inquirers to ascertain that it is from the thin air we breathe that the solid element is obtained which enters into the structure of the vegetable kingdom. That this element exists in the atmosphere, the chemist knows, because he is able to decompose its carbonic acid, and produce the solid carbon; but he likewise knows that the same process is performed by the leaves of the trees, in so admirably perfect a manner, as to shame his highest skill.

The enormous supply of carbon existing in the air is constantly kept up by the respiration of man and animals, and various other processes. 'The volume or bulk of carbonic acid produced by a healthy adult individual in twenty-four hours, amounts to about 15,000

cubic inches, containing about 2600 grains of carbon, or about six ounces, or to between 37 and 38 pounds, from every hundred persons; so that assuming 37 pounds as the average, one million of human beings would thus exhale into the surrounding air a compound containing no less than 370,000 pounds, or upwards of 165 tons of carbon!' The carbonic acid so exhaled is in itself poisonous, but its bad effects are neutralised to a certain extent by its diffusion through the atmosphere (constituting not more than 1-2000th part of any given amount of atmospheric air), while it is continually decomposed by the plants, which absorb it into their systems as food, retaining the carbon, and emitting again the oxygen, so as to purify the atmosphere while sustaining themselves. This was demonstrated long ago by experiment. Insert a lighted wax taper in a bottle, and keep it there till the flame dies for want of nourishment; withdraw the extinguished taper, introducing instantly in its stead a sprig or two of growing mint, and putting the stopper in the bottle, place it in the sunshine. 'The combustion of the taper in the confined portion of the air has withdrawn the greater portion of its oxygen, and formed carbonic acid, and liberated nitrogen; the rays of the sun will excite the leaves of the mint to decompose the carbonic acid, to secrete its carbon, and to liberate oxygen, which, blending with the unaltered nitrogen, will restore the contents of the bottle to their original condition: this fact is proved by removing the stopper after a few days, and again introducing the lighted taper; it will then burn, as it did at the outset of the experiment.' Thus it appears to be the task of the vegetable kingdom to sustain the uniform balance of the constituents of the atmosphere. 'From these discoveries, we are assured that no vegetable grows in vain; but that, from the oak of the forest to the grass of the field, every individual plant is serviceable to mankind; if not always distinguished by some private virtue, yet making a part of the whole which cleanses and purifies the atmosphere. In this the fragrant rose and deadly nightshade co-operate; nor is the herbage nor the woods that flourish in the most remote and unpeopled regions unprofitable to us, nor we to them, considering how constantly the winds convey to them our vitiated air for our relief and their nourishment.'

We have said that the bottle must be placed in the sunshine; and without this, the mint could not receive the necessary stimulus for the performance of its functions. Shut up a plant in darkness for a few days, and although enjoying its usual share of heat, air, and water, it becomes languid and pale; restore it to the sunshine, and in a few hours it will regain health and verdancy. But the nature of the agency of solar light is not understood. 'Thus some leaves are acid in the morning, tasteless at noon, and bitter at night; some flowers are white or blue, according to the intensity of the light; many fruits are more acid in the morning than in the evening; some flowers expand their petals to meet the sunshine, others close them against its power.' The portion of a peach which is fully exposed to the light is of a crimson hue, while the rest is pale-green and yellow. The taste of the former is the more luscious, because light has there stimulated the elaboration of most sugar; and on this principle we can account for the extreme sweetness of the fruits of a southern climate.

Some plants, however, are rendered less fit for food by having too much light when growing. The stem of celery, for instance, must be covered with earth, in order to become blanched and aromatic; and lettuces must be tied, to insure a white and wholesome heart. The portion of the celery that remains above ground, and the exterior leaves of the lettuce, are green, bitter, and unwholesome.

A striking analogy, as regards the influence of light, may be traced between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. A ruddy mountaineer, if immured in a dungeon, becomes pale and sickly even with a proper supply of food; while the usual pallor of the miner is partially

* Chemistry of the Four Seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. By T. Griffiths, Professor of Chemistry in the Medical College of St Bartholomew's Hospital, &c. Churchill, London.

removed by occasional excursions into the light of day. Neither men nor plants flourish in murky situations or impure air: in the immediate neighbourhood of large cities, we find more commonly than otherwise pale faces and withered leaves. The analogy between animal and vegetable life goes still farther; for the poisons that destroy a man will destroy a plant. If we take white arsenic, corrosive sublimate, blue vitriol, prussic acid, or opium, and dissolve them in water, the solution applied to the roots of a plant will cause it to droop and die. Beans so treated with white arsenic faded in a few hours, then became yellow, and were dead in three days. A lilac was killed by the introduction of some of the solid poison into a cut made in one of its branches. Prussic acid was fatal to a succulent plant in a single day, and spirits of wine in a few hours. That these substances really act as poisons, by entering into the circulation of the plant, is demonstrable in the case of blue vitriol. Cut through the stem of the plant that has been killed by this sulphate of copper with a clean steel knife, and you will see bright metallic copper revived on the blade.

The circulation of vegetable blood, termed sap, is involved in obscurity; and the substance itself cannot be accurately analysed, as it seems impossible to obtain it in its normal state. Its evaporation from the leaves, after it has traversed the stem and branches, is enormous. A large sun-flower was discovered to have lost one pound four ounces, and a cabbage one pound three ounces, in twenty-four hours. The drooping of a plant in a hot day is caused by this evaporation from the leaves being greater in proportion than the suction of water by the roots. Supply the moisture for which it faints, and the patient will revive.

The radicles which drink from the earth that vivifying water which is to be elaborated into sap are so minute in their terminal fibres, as to be difficult of detection, even by a microscope. If injured in transplanting, their functions are proportionably impaired. It might be supposed that, on a very dry dusty day, these functions would be completely suspended; but in fact the earth is so bad a conductor of heat, that extreme aridity prevails only on the surface. On the hottest day, if you remove a few inches of the dry and sandy soil, you arrive at moisture. In like manner the atmosphere is never anhydrous, or entirely devoid of water vapour; although occasionally it may be dry enough to have a distressing effect both upon animals and vegetables. The vapour, partially withdrawn from particular localities, is collected elsewhere in clouds, which, floating between the sun and the earth, prevent the direct transmission of solar heat. When these aggregates complete the genial work by falling in showers, it is curious to remark the burst of perfume that comes from the fainting plants.

That the earth is a bad conductor of heat, is shown by the comparative coolness of a draught of water drawn from a deep spring in summer, and the comparative warmth of water from the same source in winter. The temperature of the water, in point of fact, is nearly the same at both seasons; and at a depth of 100 feet, that of the earth is the average temperature of the climate, differing of course with the latitude. At Wado, in Lapland, the average is 36°, at St Petersburg 40°, in England 52°, at Paris 54°, at Rome 61°, and at Cairo 70°. The reception of heat by the earth is the cause of a phenomenon which is often regarded with surprise. This is the tremulous motion of objects regarded across a tract of dark-coloured land on a hot summer day. 'The land becomes exceedingly hot by absorbing the solar rays, and imparts heat to the air incumbent on its surface; the air so heated becomes lighter, and ascends, whilst a colder and heavier portion descends, so that the solar light, in traversing a medium of such unequal density, does not pass through with steadiness, but is distorted, or broken, or refracted, and the rays coming to the eye of the observer with irregularity, the objects consequently appear distorted.'

The formation of clouds, and the fall of rain, have not been explained; but chemistry comes to the conclusion that rain does not consist of solid globules, but of myriads of hollow vesicles of water, like soap-bubbles. Were it otherwise, the clouds could not hover above our heads as they do; for a drop with a diameter of a thousandth part of an inch would acquire, from attraction of gravitation, a velocity of nine or ten feet per second. And the clouds, we know, do not merely hover, but are carried from the lake or sea which gives them birth into the inland country, or to the tops of mountains.

The air, however, always contains the vapour of water in suspension; and this invisible vapour, when its temperature falls, either by sudden local rarefaction, or by contact with cold surfaces of the earth and waters, becomes visible in the minute drops of water termed mist. The heat requisite to raise and sustain this vapour is not equally dense throughout the atmosphere, because the atmosphere becomes thinner as its distance from the earth increases. 'Suppose a cubic foot of air contain a certain amount of heat, equally diffused throughout its elementary and compound constituents, and capable of affecting the thermometer to a given degree; if this volume of air be compressed to one-tenth of a cubic foot, of course there will be ten times as much heat concentrated into that tenth as there was, and the thermometer would indicate a rise of temperature. On the other hand, suppose the cubic foot of air to be expanded to ten cubic feet, the heat would be so diffused throughout such volume, that the thermometer would indicate depression of temperature, or, in other words, the air would feel cold.' The cause of the air being denser, and therefore warmer, as it approaches the earth, is simply that it bears the superincumbent load of the rest of the atmosphere, and is pressed, as it were, into smaller compass.

This explains the diminution of heat as we ascend a lofty mountain; the air becoming rarer and rarer, or, in other words, more expanded, till not unfrequently the watery vapour it contains condenses in mist, or congeals as snow. 'Air, in rising from the level of the sea, becomes nearly 1 degree colder for the first two hundred feet of ascent, and altogether about 50 degrees colder in rising fifteen thousand feet; thus water would freeze at this elevation even near the equator, where the temperature of the low plains is at least 80 degrees. This is the reason why the summits of lofty mountains are covered with perpetual snow, and the height at which it occurs is called the "snow line," or "line of perpetual congelation."'

The conversion of water into vapour—that is to say, the process of evaporation—requires heat; and the substances by which this heat is imparted of course become cold. Thus in India they have sometimes curtains instead of windows; and these being sprinkled with water, a rapid evaporation reduces the temperature ten or even fifteen degrees. Even in England, in very hot weather, relief is sought and obtained by sprinkling water on the pavement before our houses. Porous earthenware vessels are used for wine-coolers on the same principle. Being dipped in water, they imbibe a considerable quantity by capillary attraction; and as this gradually evaporates on the vessel being removed into the air, the wine-bottle within contributes a portion of heat towards the process, and becomes cool itself in the same ratio. For the same reason, it is dangerous to remain in wet clothes, the evaporation lowering the animal heat of the body below its natural standard. Exercise, on the other hand, by inciting the evolution of animal heat, supplies the unusual demand, and diminishes the risk in proportion. When too much heat is produced by exercise, the evaporation from the body is condensed in sweat; and when this is checked by a cold draught of air, waterproof clothing, or other causes, the most serious consequences ensue. A fine cambric handkerchief applied to the brow gives great relief, because its fine fibres are at once a good conductor of heat, and

have a strong capillary attraction for moisture; whereas a cotton handkerchief, having neither of these advantages, produces rather a sensation of heat. 'Accurate experiments appear to justify the conclusion, that the annual evaporation of water averages thirty inches; meaning that the vapour, if reconverted into water, would cover the surface from which it ascended to a depth of thirty inches; then the surface of all the waters of the globe being assumed at one hundred and twenty-eight millions of geographical miles, nearly sixty thousand cubic miles of water would be annually changed into vapour.'

The winds, which are so important to our comfort in summer, are caused by the incessant disturbance of the equilibrium of the atmosphere by heat. The phenomena of land and sea-breezes are thus explained by the chemist. 'The solar beams are incapable of elevating the temperature of the transparent water of the ocean, or the transparent volume of the atmosphere, but they heat the surface of the opaque earth with great facility; therefore an island exposed to the tropical sun has its soil greatly elevated in temperature, and communicating heat to the air, a strong ascending current is produced, whilst other portions of air from the cooler surface of the ocean immediately glide inland to restore the equilibrium, and this constitutes the sea-breeze. During the night, the surface of the island, no longer subject to the direct influence of the sun, becomes much cooler than the superincumbent air, and causes it to contract in volume, to become heavier, therefore it sinks down, and spreads on all sides, producing the land-breeze; this is frequently loaded with unhealthy exhalations from decomposing vegetation, whilst the sea-breeze is salubrious and fresh.'

Such are only a few of the inquiries prompted by the beautiful season on which we are entering; but they are sufficient to show that the laborious chemist is introduced by his ceaseless experiments into at least some acquaintance with the sublime laboratory of nature; and that he is led, by this examination, on a minor scale, of the properties of bodies, to reason upon the phenomena of the seasons, and to act in some degree as an expounder to mankind of the physical plan and government of the earth. There is no department of science better adapted than chemistry to plant in the mind a firm belief in the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator.

SUMMER EXCURSION IN GERMANY.

LINZ TO VIENNA.

On opening the jalousies of our windows on the morning after our arrival at Linz, we observed that in the long and handsome street below all business was suspended; and although still early, long processions of little girls, dressed in white frocks, and with ribbons and wreaths of flowers in their hair, were seen pouring to the churches. Occasionally, also, a school of boys, in their best attire, was seen parading along the street, too happy in the prospect of a holiday, to be kept perfectly in order by the preceptor. Countrymen in red waistcoats were also coming pretty thickly into town; and in the crowds which passed might be noticed gaily-attired females, with head-dresses of cloth of gold, and rosaries of less or more value in their hands. It was evident they were going to make a day of it; and so we hurried over breakfast, and got down to the streets just as matters were waxing to a crisis.

The day was the 3d of June—this year, Corpus Christi, but better known on the continent as the *Fête Dieu*. Fortunately, the weather was beautiful, and when that is the case, a holiday is acceptable on any pretence. I was delighted to see the people enjoying themselves, albeit the affair which called them together was somewhat unintelligible. Hurrying to

the great central Platz, we found it crammed, a part in the middle, however, being kept clear by soldiers; and we had scarcely procured a good point of sight, when a grand procession of clergy of all orders, nobility, gentry, and others, commenced, every one carrying an unlighted candle in his hand about six feet in length. At the head of the long line of dignitaries walked an aged priest with long white hair, and by this venerable personage mass was performed at several places in the open street—the altars for the occasion, gorgeously overhung with crimson velvet and gold, and embellished with the richest plate, being erected against the face of a house. Each mass occupied about a quarter of an hour, and at its conclusion, the whole troops fired a volley in the air, which was replied to by the firing of cannon from one of the forts in the neighbourhood. The last mass was performed at a high altar erected in the centre of the Platz; and when all was over, the procession was dissolved in an adjoining church. The devotion manifested by the vast crowds of persons of all ranks was apparently sincere; and one thing seemed to me praiseworthy beyond controversy, that when the religious duties of the day were finished, there was no disorderliness, no drunkenness, nor any of the other abominations which usually shock propriety in the streets of Scottish cities on holiday evenings. At Vienna, the *fête Dieu* is conducted with great magnificence, the emperor in his robes not disdaining to carry a candle; yet I was not sorry to have seen the spectacle on a smaller scale, for I was afterwards told that we could not possibly have obtained accommodation in the capital.

In the after-part of the day I walked through the town in all directions, and then ascended to the higher ground in the environs, whence a good view is to be obtained of the valley of the Danube and surrounding country. Linz is large and well built, and occupies a pleasant situation on the left bank of the Danube, which is here a stream of a very different size from what I had seen at Ulm. Augmented by the Iser, the Inn, the Salza, and other considerable rivers, it rolls past Linz a mighty flood, the volume of water being apparently equal in bulk to that of the Rhine. By going round by Salzburg, I had unfortunately lost some of the best bits of scenery on the Danube—the very best being near Passau; but there was consolation in thinking that we had enjoyed an equivalent, and that a day's steaming, which still awaited us, was better than nothing. Neither in Linz nor its neighbourhood is there a single thing to detain travellers, unless, indeed, they have a fancy for inspecting fortifications. At different salient points around the town, on both sides of the Danube, are erected thirty-two detached forts, each looking like a low martello tower, and mounted with guns; they have been planted in this quarter with the design of retarding and vexing the progress of any future Napoleon who may think of visiting Vienna via the vale of the Danube. These forts, which are new, and untried in strategy, and therefore not militarily orthodox, are the invention of Prince Maximilian of Este. I did deem them worthy of a visit.

Before a traveller can leave any town in Austria, he must not only have his passport *visé*, but procure a bit of badly-printed paper from the police, called a *Passer Shien*, and this he is called on to give up to a sentinel when he departs. Not till going to bed did I remember I had not got my *shien*; and it was only after a good deal of trouble that it could be negotiated so late at night. When this giant was slain, another appeared. The hotel was full of guests, and, as usual, our room was separated only by a thin door from the adjoining apartment in the suite. Our neighbours were Germans, and their noisy talking was intolerable. They spoke as

loudly as if they had been hailing each other across the street. Repose was out of the question. It was no use our talking in a moderate key, in the hope of shaming them into silence. A severe malady requires a severe remedy. Lighting a candle, I took up Mrs C.'s crocheted book, and gave them an example of reading in English which astonished them. The effect was magical. My harangue on crocheted working in an instant drowned their horrible jargon, and their voices sunk to a whisper. They listened, and whispered again. The phenomenon of English was dumfounding—perhaps I was an English maniac? Whatever were their conjectures, the reading settled them; for we were no more troubled with their screeching, and gladly went to sleep, preparatory to an early start for Vienna. As daylight came in, our loquacious neighbours broke out, as if from a moment's forgetfulness; but a few sentences from the crocheted book, as we made our toilet, brought them to their senses, and we heard them no more. Our own aristocracy—the real as well as the vulgar counterfeit—affected loud talking, to the annoyance of all who are near them; be might not some plan, such as I happily thought of, be tried in order to teach them good manners?

The morning was beautiful, and at seven o'clock we were on board the steamer, which lay hissing at the quay. The vessel was large and commodious, seemingly under careful management, and on the deck there mustered nearly a hundred passengers of various nations—artists in mustaches and gray fancy hats from Munich; Hungarians returning from a distant excursion; no English but ourselves; one or two French; and a good many Germans of miscellaneous ages and appearance—a vastly respectable company, as the steward most likely thought, in making his calculations as to how many were likely to figure at the table-d'hôte. Off we went down the broad bosom of the Danube, all looking forward to a pleasant run of nine or ten hours. At first there was little to excite interest. The banks were generally level, and here and there muddy islands, covered with willows, divided the channel, and closed up the scene. By and by the hills approached the stream, and villages nestling at their base, and castles or monasteries crowning their summits, reminded us somewhat of the Rhine; but with a few exceptions, the main features of the landscape were totally different. On the Rhine all is ancient; the universal ruin of the castles, which are perched on the tops of the crags, speaks of a bygone age—a period of rapine and insecurity. On the Danube, almost every building is comparatively modern and inhabited. The grandest edifices are the monasteries. Half way between Linz and Vienna, on our right, we came to a short pause below the loftily-perched and palace-like convent of Molk. Good times, it may be said, for the monks; but the monks are Benedictines, which is equivalent to saying they are scholars and gentlemen; and their spacious mansion is as much an educational as a religious establishment; in this respect, the social condition of Austria being analogous to what it was in our own country previous to the convulsions of the sixteenth century.

About and below Molk, the banks of the Danube increase in picturesque beauty; and on the left side the vine makes its appearance, though on a scale not to be compared with what is seen on the Rhine. Austria is not a wine-producing country to an extent worth mentioning; yet some of the Hungarian wines are good. In descending the river from Molk, we soon came in sight of a spot of more than ordinary interest. The banks, which here rise to a considerable height, and are covered with wood, press close upon the stream, which seems to have cut its way through the ridges that strive to intercept its passage. On the summit of the lofty crags on the right bank stand the remains of Aggstein, a feudal fortress long since dismantled; and on the face of the arid cliffs on the left is seen the ruined castle of Durrenstein, which had been of con-

siderable size. Within these walls, now shattered, and open to the gaze of the passing tourist, Richard Cœur-de-Lion was confined for upwards of twelve months (1192-3) by Leopold, Duke of Austria, the unfortunate king having been treacherously seized at Vienna, in returning homewards as a pilgrim from the Holy Land. Immediately on passing the ridge on which Durrenstein is placed, the scenery altogether changes: the river, emerging from its lofty banks, rolls through a great plain, dotted over with woods; here and there a large and elegant building is observed; and beyond all, the hills far distant bounding the horizon. We have, in short, left the mountainous region, and entered on the plains of the lower Danube. From the midst of the green plain which first meets the eye rise the spires of Vienna; and landing at Nussdorf, a village on the right, where a number of carriages are in attendance, we reach in a quarter of an hour the capital of the Austrian empire.

In approaching Vienna, we lose sight of the Danube, which disappears from view between willow-clad banks and islands, the city proper being built on a small tributary—the Wien—which, from anything I saw, is little better than a foul and stagnant drain. Advancing towards the town, we pass through extensive suburbs, and finally emerge into an open space, grassy, and ornamented with trees, of the third of a mile in width; and on the opposite side of which stands Vienna, seemingly squeezed so hard within a high wall, that the houses look as if they were engaged in a desperate elbowing of each other, and about to burst their too tightly-drawn boundary. By a cavernous tunnel, which perforates the lofty wall and rampart, we reach the interior, and then find ourselves in streets narrow and winding, and lined with stone houses as high and spacious as those of Paris. We procured accommodation at the 'Archduke Charles'—a first-class hotel, according to the guide-books, but deficient in various accommodations. However, we had no great reason to complain, and remained in the town about a week; not time enough to do the sights justice, but as much as I could spare.

I have never been so fairly baffled by any city as I was by Vienna: such is its extraordinary jumble of streets, and so like are they to each other, that, till the last, I had considerable difficulty in finding my way. And yet there is a sort of plan by which the main thoroughfares are arranged. At the centre of the town stands the cathedral of St Stephens, an ancient and imposing edifice, with a lofty spire; and from this point the principal streets radiate to different portals in the bastions, whence they stretch far into the suburbs. There are, however, many cross and circuitous streets, a number of open places, and many closely-packed lanes and passages, forming short cuts from one great thoroughfare to another. The houses in the best streets are of enormous dimensions, all with inner courtyards, and of handsome and solid architecture. Excepting first-class mansions, the houses are occupied in floors by different families, the access being usually by common-stairs from the courtyards. A nobleman and man of literary distinction on whom I called lived on a second floor in a building of this kind; and a banking company with whom I did some business had their office on a floor higher up. The number of separate dwellings in some of these huge edifices astonishes those who are unacquainted with the common-stair system. From four to five hundred inhabitants, occupying floors, or parts of floors, in one building, is not unusual—a number, however, which can be matched in the more ancient parts of Edinburgh. Like all ancient cities, Vienna is ill provided with sewerage; and yet, strange to say, it is a remarkably cleanly town in external appearance—the generally light colour of the houses, and the absence of smoke, imparting a lively effect. That which is most seriously defective is the general want of side pavement for foot-passengers. The streets are well paved with square stones from side to side, the part near the houses and shops being very slightly in-

dined upwards, so that there is nothing to prevent carriages from crushing you up to the wall, or running you down—a misfortune the more likely to occur from the excessive narrowness of the thoroughfares. All this of course suggests that Vienna was built for that portion of mankind who ride in carriages, not for those whose inclination or means lead them to walk on foot. Nevertheless, much seems to be done to render the streets comfortable to poor as well as rich. Great expense is incurred for the stones with which they are laid. These stones are brought from the rocky banks of the Danube, below Linz, and I was informed that each costs a swanziger, or twenty-pence.

Whatever be the general incommodiousness of the streets, neither that nor anything else prevents them from being a scene of bustle and gaiety from morning till night. Well-dressed people are seen pouring along to enjoy themselves in the restaurants, or in the public gardens; equipages of the most splendid set-out dash past on airing excursions; and to add to the liveliness of the thoroughfares, many of the shops are distinguished by paintings outside representing some eminent personage—as the Queen of England, Prince Metternich, or the Archduke Charles. These portraits, which are full length, and well executed, are painted on shutters, which are open only during the day. No city is better provided with gardens, pleasure-grounds, and walks open to the people. Around the glacis, or rampart, there is a delightful promenade with seats, commanding fine views of the Vorstädte, or suburban new town, which rivals in elegance of architecture the best houses in Paris. The Volksgarten, situated close upon the city, is a spacious piece of ground, decorated with trees, shrubs, and flowers, laid out in agreeable walks, and furnished with coffee-houses, and arenas for bands of music. This garden was given to the people by the late emperor; and here, in the fine summer evenings, Strauss's band performs for hours. Nothing is paid for admittance. For lengthened promenading and driving there are the roads environing the suburbs; but besides these, and the cross paths leading to them, the Viennese have the Prater, a park on the north-east, which is several square miles in extent, richly wooded, and partly tenanted with deer. Parties of pleasure who desire a still wider range proceed to Schönbrunn, the seat of the emperor, at two or three miles distance. We spent a day in rambling through the grounds, and seeing the galeties and curiosities of Schönbrunn, every place, the palace excepted, being open for the inspection and recreation of all comers. From a lofty ornamental structure on an eminence within the grounds, we had an excellent view of Vienna and its environs, and had the satisfaction of having pointed out by our guide the spots rendered historically interesting in the last siege of Vienna by the Turks (1683), when not alone Austria, but Christendom, was saved by the gallant John Sobieski. The spot occupied by the tent of Kara Mustapha, the Turkish general, is now marked by a church. Next day, in a large collection of antiquities in Vienna, we were shown the horse-tail standard and tent apparatus of Mustapha, who, it will be remembered, was strangled, by orders of the sultan, for not winning the battle.

In the course of our stay we visited a number of collections of pictures, museums, and other public show-places; but any notice of these would only tire the patience of the reader; and in truth the sight of them was tiring to myself, for one may be surfeited with pictures as with anything else. On Sunday we went to the chapel connected with the imperial palace, not to hear the music, finely as that was performed by a vocal and instrumental band, but to have a glimpse of the great nominal ruler of the nation: nor were we disappointed. The emperor entered about the middle of the service, and took his place in a small gallery without any fuss. He is a little man, with an unnaturally large forehead, diffident and mild in demeanour, and with the reputation of being one of the kindest-disposed

creatures in the world. He is generally in bad health, and takes little or no part in public affairs. The actual government, as is well known, has for many years been in the hands of Prince Metternich, a man of consummate abilities, though, like many statesmen, ignorant of the true foundations on which power can alone safely repose. The next place we visited was that to which the imperial family, after the splendours of the giddy and false world have passed away, are pompously carried to 'rot in state.' It is a spacious vault, situated beneath the church of a convent of capuchin friars; and under the guidance of one of the brotherhood, clothed in a brown tunic, with a rope round his waist, and a lamp in his hand, we descended a long flight of steps to this remarkable mausoleum. The apartment, which receives a little light and air from gratings, consists of several vaulted chambers, dry, and not unpleasant to the senses. What a melancholy spectacle! Rows of large sarcophagi of lead or zinc are ranged along the paved floor, and by the lamp of the monk we are enabled to read the inscriptions, which tell us that within repose the bodies of kings, queens, archdukes, emperors, and empresses. The largest and handsomest of these metal boxes is that which contains the remains of Maria Theresa, the greatest of all the Austrian rulers; but it is surpassed in value by the sarcophagus of Joseph I., which is of pure silver. We noticed also some small sarcophagi containing the remains of baby archdukes; and for a few moments, the lamp of the capuchin was held over the plain and unnoticeable sarcophagus in which reposes the body of the youthful and unfortunate Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon. What an end to the hopes of a dynasty which was to rule half the world! The being ushered into existence with the firing of a hundred cannons successively at the Invalids, at the sound of which all Paris was frantic with joy—or pretended to be so—lies decomposing in a metal chest at Vienna, the groom of his chamber a nameless capuchin monk! We had better not ask what France now thinks of the Bonaparte family!

I did not quit Vienna without making some inquiries into the state of elementary instruction. In this matter it is but justice to say that Austria, with all its religious and political intolerance, is much in advance of nations possessing greater freedom. Education in its primary branches is universally established, and as far as I saw, is conducted on a liberal footing. I visited an academy which serves as a model for provincial seminaries. It is accommodated in a building of considerable size, each floor being divided into several spacious halls, opening on corridors. The resident director, an aged gentleman, to whom I introduced myself, politely conducted me through the establishment, explaining everything as it occurred. The method of teaching is explanatory, with the use of the black board. The number of children attending this school was fifteen hundred, all boys, divided into juvenile and advanced classes, each class under one master, and occupying a separate apartment. The routine of instruction embraced reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, and mathematics. It was pleasing to observe the decorum and quietness which prevailed throughout the establishment. On our entering and retiring from each class-room, all the pupils rose and bowed: and this was no sham reverence. On the dismissal of one of the classes, the pupils crowded around my venerable condecorator, and with terms of endearment covered his hand with kisses.

It is absurd and presumptuous for a traveller who rushes through a country to philosophise very deeply on its social condition; yet a man is entitled to at least use his eyes and ears wherever his destiny carries him, and to form his impressions accordingly. My notion, then, from all I saw in Vienna and elsewhere, is, that Austria, though under a pure despotism, is not uncared for morally, physically, or intellectually. I saw, however, only the best part of the empire—that in which the land is owned in portions of reasonable extent, and below which portions it is not allowed to be

divided. In Hungary, the form of society and territorial possession is very different. Admitting much that was presented to our view to be far from unpleasant, I felt that the entire system was hollow and unnatural, and could not last. Mankind are not destined to be for ever managed as if they were children. Passing circumstances prove that Austria has been under a gross mistake in imagining that it is either safe or just to keep its people in tutelage an instant beyond the time they can think and act for themselves. For the military and police oppressions in the conquered provinces—for the heartless proscriptions and imprisonments at Venice and Spielberg—the day of reckoning has already to all appearance arrived.*

W. C.

L'HOMME CHARMANT.

So accessible were the ancient Greeks to visual impressions, and so enthusiastic in their admiration of beauty, as well as of gracefulness of form and movement, that even the sage Areopagites were obliged to listen in obscurity to the pleadings of their celebrated orators, lest, unwittingly, their judgments might receive a favourable bias towards some handsome speaker; or, on the other hand, lest they might prejudice the cause of one less happily endowed with personal attractions.

The love of the beautiful is not less instinctive in humanity than the appreciation of goodness, or the reverence for truth; and when found in harmonious combination with these—its kindred faculties—we can scarcely estimate too highly the blessing of having an eye and a heart open to delight in all that is graceful and lovely, whether in animate or inanimate creation. Even where this admiration of Beauty seems to exist a little out of its due proportion, we would gladly excuse the error, knowing how mighty and how magic is its sway; and also how vain it is to expect a perfect development of every good and noble faculty in the same human soul.

Among no modern people is the homage rendered to beauty more enthusiastic than among the Parisians, who have often been compared in this and other respects to the Athenians of old; and truly in many points the resemblance seems complete, though we stay not here to trace it out: we have at present to do only with their admiration of beauty, which they are wont to express by a single word—*charmant*—a dissyllable significant not only of beauty, but of a thousand nameless attractions, which, clustering around personal grace of form, make it tenfold more lovely and beloved. It is a word not altogether unknown to our own language, although in its insular rendering it is perhaps less refined in its shade of popular meaning than in the French language. It is somewhat singular, too, that among us the word is more frequently applied to man than to the gentler sex. Which of us have not known among the circle of our acquaintance a 'charming man'? Whether it be the literary coterie, the fashionable world, or the professedly-religious circle, each society can boast of its charming man—one who is handsome, clever, and agreeable; who is usually more plausible than profound; more commonly the admired acquaintance of all, than the tried and trusted friend of any. The career of the charming man is not always a satisfactory one, inasmuch as popularity has its appointed limits; and the idol of to-day is too often the outcast of to-morrow. Nor is dame Fortune less capricious in her favours than the giddy multitude; for occasionally she delights to snap asunder the golden threads of some brilliant destiny, and show how frail at best are the bonds by which happiness and humanity are linked together in this our lower world.

Such was the case with a personage whom we are about to introduce to our readers as a most perfect specimen—

not of a 'charming man,' but of '*un homme charmant*;' one who, about seventy years ago, was idolised in that character by the fastidious people of the French capital.

Although Monsieur de Létorières (the person of whom we speak) was simply a French gentleman of Xaintonge, whose only wealth on setting out in life was his trusty sword, yet in the eyes of an English reader his history may derive additional interest from the circumstance of his relationship with the House of Hanover, through the marriage of his aunt, Mademoiselle D'Olbreuse, with George William, Duke of Brunswick, whose only daughter became the unhappy wife of George, Elector of Hanover, and was thus the ancestress of our present royal family.

The early youth of Lancelot-Joseph de Létorières was passed at the college of Plessis, where he had been placed by his uncle, the Abbé du Vighan; but finding his vacations too short, and his studies too long, the impatient youth escaped from college, and hastened to the capital, where he found himself as free as air, but dwelling in an empty garret. Whenever he suffered from cold or hunger, he left his solitary apartment, and descending into the gay and crowded streets of Paris, forgot his wants, and thought himself, for a while, the happiest being in existence.

One of his early friends used to relate that M. de Létorières having left his lodging one cold winter's day, to recreate himself among the busy haunts of men, he was overtaken by a pelting shower of rain, and took refuge from the storm beneath an archway. Meanwhile a hackney-coach passes slowly along, and the driver looking earnestly at him, inquires—'Shall I drive you, sir, across this stream of water?'

'No, thank you,' replies the handsome youth, looking somewhat sad.

'If you want to go farther, sir, I can take you to any part of the city you please.'

'I was only going to walk in the Galleries of the Palais de Justice, but I mean to wait here until the rain is over.'

'What! under that cold archway?'

'I have no money to throw away in coach-hire, so go away, and leave me in peace.'

'Sir,' replied the coachman, jumping off his box, and opening the carriage door, 'it shall never be said that I allowed so handsome a young gentleman as you are to *enuser* yourself here, and to catch cold into the bargain, for the sake of twenty-four sous. It is all on my way to pass by the Palais Marchand, so, if you please, I will set you down there, close to the image of St Pierre.' The gracious offer was accepted.

On opening the carriage door at the entrance to this celebrated *traiteur's*, the coachman respectfully took off his felt hat, and begging of the youth to accept a *louis-d'or* from him, said, 'You may have occasion for it in there, sir, and you can find me out any time you please, and repay me at your convenience. The number of my coach is 144.'

The name of this good-natured man was Sicard. He was an honest, worthy fellow, and through the recommendation of M. de Létorières, ended by being coachman to the Princess Sophia of France. Whenever any one alluded to his liberal conduct towards M. de Létorières, he was wont to answer, that any one else in his place would have done just the same; 'for,' added he, 'he was so charming a young gentleman, that one might almost have mistaken him for an angel.'

Another time his tailor's wife, growing impatient about a debt of four hundred francs, which he had owed for a considerable time, rated her husband soundly for not insisting on his rights. 'What a chicken-hearted being thou art!' exclaimed she, 'and all, forsooth, out of complaisance to Monsieur le Charmant!' (for so was he nicknamed in the family). 'As for thee, thou hast not courage to show him thy teeth; but I will soon settle the matter with him. I am going forthwith to his lodging, and you shall see if I come away empty-

* This article was written some weeks previous to the late overthrow of affairs in Vienna.

handed. Charming as he is, I will manage him properly. Let me alone for that.'

No sooner had this resolute woman returned home, than her husband, perceiving that she looked rather crestfallen, inquired where was the money which had been paid to her by M. de Létorières.

'Come, come, you must not worry me; but the truth of the matter is, that on going into his room, I found him playing the guitar, and he looked so sweet and gentle, that I could not find it in my heart to annoy him in any way.'

'And the four hundred francs?' resumed the tailor, looking at her rather sarcastically.

'My good friend,' replied his imperious spouse in the meekest tone imaginable, 'you must only enter them on your books; and you may as well at the same time add three hundred more to the account, for there was something so melancholy, so—I don't know what to call it—about him, that I could not help taking one hundred crowns out of my pocket, and in spite of his refusal, I left them on his chimney-piece.'

As soon as M. de Létorières had completed his twenty-first year, he brought his family papers to M. Chérin,* from whom he speedily obtained the certificate necessary for his presentation at court. When walking one day in the gardens at Versailles, the king took notice of him, and having learned from his courtiers who the handsome gentleman was, he inquired of his counsellor Chérin, 'Of what family, pray, is the Poitou gentleman, named Létorières, whom I see about here?'

Chérin replied that the young man's pedigree, although noble, was not such as to entitle him to ride in the king's carriages, for his proofs were not alto-

gether.—'But,' interrupted the king, 'he is *charmant*; *vraiment charmant*; and I desire that he may be presented to me with the title of vicomte.'

So Chérin inscribed him on his register as having a certificate *by command*; and the Vicomte de Létorières shared at once all the honours of the court.

Whenever he was concerned in any appeals to the tribunal of the point of honour,† his adversaries were sure to be obliged to offer their apology to him, and to make exorbitant reparations, which was attributed to the gracious and fascinating manner in which he had solicited *Nosseigneurs les Marchaux*. He gained every lawsuit in which he was interested, among others an important one against the Dukes of Brunswick-Oëls, on the subject of some property which had belonged to his grandaunt and their grandmother D'Oibreuse, to whom we have already made allusion.

'He is like the serpent of Paradise,' observed Monsieur de Beaumont, the archbishop of Paris; 'and if ever he has an affair with the officiality‡ of Paris, I will take care to have him masked with a monk's cowl and frock, lest he should beguile his judges.'

The feeling of admiration and interest excited by M. de Létorières became at length so universal, that sometimes on his appearing in public he was greeted with acclamations by the multitude. An eye-witness thus describes his reception at a sacred concert which was given in the theatre on Shrove Tuesday 1772:—'M. de Létorières was only just recovering from a sword-wound received in a duel with the Comte de Melun. When he heard the popular acclamations, he rose in his box, and looked around him on the house with an air

of perplexity and surprise, as if it were impossible for him to suppose that he could be the object of applause, which is usually reserved for favourite actors or for royal personages. This inquiring gaze was full of the easy and simple gracefulness which characterised his every movement, and it drew forth still livelier demonstrations of pleasure from the multitude. He wore on that evening a suit of rich *moiré* straw-coloured silk, with facings of golden tissue, shot with emerald green. The knotted band on his shoulder was green and gold, and his Steinkerque belt was clasped with emeralds. The buttons of his coat were formed of opals set in brilliants, and the handle of his sword was similarly ornamented. Moreover, his coiffure consisted of two tufts of waving curls, sprinkled with light-coloured powder, and falling gracefully upon the collar of his dress. A soft and humid brilliancy sparkled in his eyes, which were a thousand times brighter than the costly jewels which he wore. In short, I was obliged to confess that I had never before seen a being who was so truly charming.'

It is almost needless to say that M. de Létorières, so popular among all classes and conditions of people, was a favourite with the *beau sexe*. Among the court beauties was one, however, who more especially won his attentions, and who returned his love with all the ardour of youthful enthusiasm. Victoire-Julie de Savoie-Carignan was a naïve and lovely young creature, whose princely family being suspicious of her attachment to the charming vicomte, and conceiving that an alliance with him would be unsuitable to her rank, obliged her to become an inmate of the Abbaye de Montmartre, where she was virtually a prisoner; for although treated with the utmost deference and respect, all her movements were under the surveillance of a guard of the provost-marshal's office. In spite of these precautions, she attempted to maintain a correspondence with her lover; but their communications were discovered, and the result was a challenge to the vicomte from one of her relations, the Baron d'Ugeon. Just at this time Louis XV. was attacked by the smallpox in its most virulent form, and our Gaior of Xaintonge had obtained leave to shut himself up with his royal master, and tend him during his illness. The permission thus granted gave great offence to the courtiers, who carried their absurd passion for etiquette even to the very gates of the grave, and were displeased at this close attendance upon royalty by one who had not previously enjoyed the *entrée* into the king's chamber. Louis XV. died, and M. de Létorières came out of the infected palace only to meet his challenger in single combat. The Baron d'Ugeon inflicted on him two severe wounds in the right side, and he was carried home in a precarious state. He was, however, carefully tended by a friendly surgeon, who gave out that his patient was suffering from smallpox, and could not therefore receive any visits. After a while, there seemed to be every prospect of M. de Létorières's recovery, when through his impatience to seek an interview with Mademoiselle de Soissons, he left his house before his wounds were thoroughly healed; and having, by means of liberal bribes, obtained admittance within the walls of Montmartre, he met his betrothed under the arched arcade which led from the cloister to the cemetery. Their interview was brief. She hastened back to her honourable prison, little dreaming that she had for the last time beheld her charming friend, who was found a few hours afterwards, stiff and cold, upon the pavement of the cloister. It seems that the emotion excited by meeting Mademoiselle de Soissons after so long a separation had opened his wounds afresh, and he died alone on this gloomy spot, unassisted and unseen by any human being.

Thus perished, in the prime of life, he who was confessedly the most exquisite model of an *homme charmant* that had ever been beheld in the Parisian world. Already had he not only won the good graces of a fastidious public, and subdued the heart of a high-born

* Monsieur Bernard Chérin was a very important personage at the French court, as it belonged to him, in his capacity of genealogist of the king's house and of the court of France, to investigate the proofs of nobility of all those who desired to be presented at court, and also the higher pretensions of others, whose ancient and exalted ancestry entitled them to the honour of a seat in the king's carriages.

† In the reign of Louis XIV., duels had become so prevalent among the young noblesse of Paris, that a special tribunal was appointed to take cognisance of offences which did not fall under the rule of ordinary courts of law, and for a time it was effectual in restraining the rage for this species of single combat.

‡ An ecclesiastical tribunal.

beauty, but he had likewise acquired, with almost unparalleled rapidity, wealth and honours which might have satisfied his utmost cupidity and ambition.

Just before the demise of Louis XV., he had been created by that monarch Marquis de Létorières and D'Olbreuse. He was also appointed *Mestre de camp* of cavalry, Commander of the united orders of Saint Lazarus and N. D. du Mont Carmel, Grand Sénéchal d'Aunis, &c. &c. He had, moreover, become the proprietor of millions of francs. But his titles perished with him; his wealth was swallowed up by creditors and lawyers; and the princess, whose favour had proved so fatal to him, before the expiration of many years, had wedded into the ducal House of Cobourg.

Thus brief and evanescent was the brilliant career of this fascinating Parisian.

MUSIC AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION.

THE Chinese tell us that the heart, after trying in vain to express its emotions, first by words, and then by sighs, bursts at length into song. This is not only poetical, but likewise philosophically true. Music undoubtedly is, in its elements, a natural means of expressing feelings, and even ideas—in short, a kind of language. Yet, while springing essentially from inherent powers of the mind, it quickly becomes an art, and one capable of exercising no small influence over human beings. As an art, it ranks with rhetoric and painting, and it is thus identified with civilising and refining agencies. It is nevertheless remarkable that, in certain stages of society, these processes are balked of their true purpose and effect. Artists become enervated as they advance; musicians, poets, painters, sink into idleness and dissipation; and their divine art, through the weakness of its professors, falls into reprobation or contempt. This is not confined to our country. In China, India, Persia, the very same revolution has occurred that we have ourselves witnessed in northern Europe. In England and Scotland, the resulting prejudice appears to have continued after the cause has given way before the general advancement of civilisation; but in the latter country, it is strengthened by the sectarianism which was engendered amid the struggles of the Reformation, and which retains to this day a portion of the old iconoclastic spirit. Here all kinds of music but psalm tunes are regarded by a considerable class of the people with coldness, if not suspicion; and the art has consequently sunk into a state of degradation not known at a much earlier period of our history. A change, however, appears now to be in progress; and it begins where it ought—among the young; who will grow up, it is to be supposed, not worse Christians for having imbibed in their early years a taste for music, and a feeling of its beauty and power. In Edinburgh, many hundred children, under the direction of Dr Mainzer, are daily familiarised with the choral strains of the best masters of the art; and these children will operate like so many ducts, spreading the holy influence of music throughout the whole bosom of society.

We are led into this train of reflection by a work just published by the gentleman whose name we have mentioned, and which we think is deserving of the attention of our readers. It is an examination of the merits of music as a branch of education, and contains an interesting sketch of the history of the art.*

Dr Mainzer repeats various stories of the effect of musical sounds, such as that of the lady known by Rousseau, who could not hear any kind of music without involuntary and convulsive laughter. This, however, was probably owing to nothing more than a morbid condition of the nerves; such as made Mozart, when a violent blast of a trumpet struck upon his delicate ear, fall senseless to the ground. The effect on animals is popularly known; although we may mention the dog referred to in the *Musical Gazette* of Leipzig, who was so much excited by a composition in E major, that on

an occasion when the experiment was continued too long, he became furious, and died in convulsions. Inanimate objects are likewise moved, in some mysterious way, by sound. Glasses, mirrors, china, are said to vibrate and break at certain notes of the flute, or of the human voice; and some pipes of the organ make the windows, walls, and pillars of a cathedral shake.

The most powerful effect of music, however, is due to its adjuncts and associations. The call which accompanies the heaving of the lead is extremely simple; but when heard at midnight on the sea, it is indescribably solemn. The bell of a village church is laden with beautiful and touching recollections. A melody familiar to us in childhood, is for ever after linked in our imagination with the things and persons most dear to our memory. The 'Ranz des Vaches' is little more than a signal played by a shepherd on a cow's horn; and 'Erin go bragh,' and 'Lochaber no more,' would have but slight effect upon the ear, if their associations did not touch the heart. Still, the air being born of the feeling, must be adapted for its expression; and hence the simplicity of national songs as music, and their powerful influence upon the affections. 'If we examine,' says Dr Mainzer, 'all those melodies which have produced extraordinary effects upon individuals, upon multitudes or nations, and thus have acquired historical importance, we shall find that their power is not derived from science or artistical combination, but is founded in truth, nature, and simplicity. These are the great engines of influence in musical composition and performance. It is a power more frequently found in melodies of popular and instinctive origin than in works of art; or, if met with in the latter, it is because those same qualities are predominant. In the scientific and difficult, the musician, the composer, as well as the performer, will be admired; but it is by his simplest strains that he will captivate and subdue his hearer, that he will reach his deeper affections. Whenever we find a melody in the mouth of a whole nation, whenever an air is heard that produces strong feelings of excitement or despondency, we may be certain that it stands away from the refinements of art, and is powerful in its effects in proportion to its simplicity.'

To this he adds the association of the two sister arts; poetry giving vigour and distinctness to the language of music. 'What music wanted in thought, it received from the poet; what to poetry was unattainable in feeling, charm, and transport, the musician supplied in his turn.' This association was constant among the ancients, whose earlier bards were likewise musicians and singers. The later bards and scalds, the troubadours and minstrels, likewise united the two arts; and 'sacred were those songs,' as Herder says, 'in which the people learnt the history, the traditions, and, with them, the language and manners of their nation!' This appears to be everywhere characteristic of a particular stage of society; and our ingenious author would be interested to read in Colonel Tod's 'Annals of Rajasthan,' that the Rajpoot chiefs of the present day learn, like the European lords of the middle ages, the deeds and genealogies of their ancestors from the songs of their family bards. In the middle ages, the British islands were more especially celebrated for the harp; and seven hundred years ago, Scotland is described by Geraldus the Cambrian as 'the fountain of the art.'

We have no room to follow Dr Mainzer in the curious erudition with which he has adorned his subject. He shows clearly the connection of music with education, both classical and popular; and combats successfully the notion, that its cultivation has 'no native soil in the British islands.' As for the vulgar objection to the art on account of the dissoluteness of some of its professors, he expends far too much trouble on so paltry a subject. It is sufficient to say that he attributes the low character of musicians to the fact of their being mere musicians—that is to say, to their deficiency in general education. On the usual musical education of young ladies he is especially severe. 'To study music

* Music and Education. By Dr Mainzer. Longmans, London.

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is to them nothing but to learn to play the *piano*. You may have talent, or you may have none, you must learn it, under penalty of being taxed with having received but an indifferent education. In what, then, consists this study of the piano? In sitting so many hours daily before the instrument, having the fingers curved, and stretched, and trained; and after having thus passed, in the most tedious and thoughtless of all studies, the most precious and invaluable hours of life, what knowledge has been acquired? Have they become musicians for their pains? Has the science of music been revealed to them? Have they learned to understand, to judge, to analyse a musical composition in its technical construction and poetical essence? Or have they learned to produce, after their own impulse, a musical thought, to develop it, and, in a momentaneous inspiration, to make the heart speak in joyful or plaintive strains, according to their mood of mind? Nothing of the kind. A few have learned to play a sonata, perhaps a concerto; a greater number have reached variations, but by far the greatest majority only quadrilles! This playing of quadrilles, this training of the fingers, mothers complacently call accomplishment, a refined education; and musicians who look with contempt upon musical study and musical works of this description, can they be surprised when the art to which they have devoted themselves is not appreciated, not understood? What can we expect, when its whole destiny is left in the hands of matrons of boarding-schools, who generally are clear-sighted enough to make it an important item of their business, withdraw the lion's part from what is due to the teacher, but are ignorant of its very alphabet. Parents, however, share with the matrons the reprobation of our enthusiast; and he declares to the former that it will be impossible to change so degrading a system, unless they themselves show a better understanding and a higher appreciation of the art. At present, we are in our musical infancy, with variations, songs, duets, and trios dining for ever in our ears. 'What sacrifices, what hours, what precious years are wasted in the acquisition and practice of a kind of composition, which, in reality, belongs only to what we might call the musical infirmities and excrescences! Such compositions are the productions of musical merchants, written for the market, and calculated upon the ignorance of the customers. The distance of such a musician to a Palestrina, a Handel, a Mozart, can only be measured by that from an *ignis fatuus* to one of the luminaries of the ether above us. In them is spirit, enthusiasm, and poetry. Whoever approaches the sphere in which they breathe, feels himself elevated, and upon the wings of genius carried away into other zones, other climes, more congenial with the spiritual, the immortal man. There he lives with a Raphael, a Schiller, a Mozart, in the regions of the ideal; and tastes, in those moments of light and purity, joys which the world can neither grant nor take away, which no recollection can either darken or efface.' But how can the great choral and orchestral compositions—ranking with historical works in painting, and temples and cathedrals in architecture—be brought within our reach? The elements, it is answered, for raising music from its lowest to its highest station are around us, in every school, and every institution; and if we only make use of these elements, we might be able to say with Zelter, 'our chorus is now nothing less than a vast organ, which I can set a-playing or stop with one movement of my hand, and can make it, like a telegraph, denote and express great thoughts; an organ, every pipe of which is a rational voluntary agent, and which may realise our highest conception. Our choir is a school, whose end is wisdom, whose means poetry, harmony, and song.'

This brings us to the most practically important part of the volume—the consideration of vocal music. That the exercise of the voice in singing is conducive to health, no one now doubts; but our author asserts that it develops and cultivates the sense of hearing, and thus produces, so to speak, a musical ear. Childhood he

considers the fittest period for this education of the faculties, when all the organs of the voice are soft and flexible, and when the ear receives and conveys sound with facility. 'The earliest age—that of six or seven years—is the most appropriate for learning to sing; voice and ear, so obedient to external impressions, are rapidly developed and improved, defects corrected, and musical capabilities awakened. Experience of many years, and observation of every-day's occurrence, have taught us that a considerable proportion of the numerous children with whom we have met could at first neither sound a single note, nor distinguish one from another; yet all, without exception, have acquired ear and voice, and some of them have even become superior in both to their apparently more gifted companions; in others, the very weak or indifferent voices have in a short time become pleasing, strong, clear, and extended. Children from five to six years of age, some of them unacquainted with the letters of the alphabet, have learnt to read music, to a considerable extent, in unison and parts, and to sing, with astonishing precision, imitations and fugues of Hiller, Rink, Fuchs, Teleman, and other great masters. So thoroughly acquainted have they become with the pitch of sound, that, without the least hesitation, they name the notes of which melodious phrases are composed, as soon as sung or played; and it is remarkable that in this exercise the youngest, and those who had at first to contend with the greatest difficulties, appeared the most acute and ready.' Some children, destitute of ear, acquire the faculty in a few days, while others take weeks or months.

If the time is allowed to pass proper for forming an ear, calling forth a voice, and inspiring a love for music, the teacher's difficulties are surmountable only by zeal, perseverance, and natural talent in the pupil. 'Throughout life, the difference between a musician from infancy, and one from more mature age, will be visible at a glance. The latter may possess musical knowledge and taste; the former will possess both, with deeper musical feeling, more power, and greater certainty of judgment. In the one, music will be an acquirement; in the other, a feeling, a new sense interwoven with the constitution, a second nature. With children, the teacher has a power of creation; with adults, he is dependent on circumstances; he educates in the one case, in the other he has to amend the defects of education.' It is likewise dangerous to the health to strain the voice of an adult unaccustomed to the exertion; but besides this physical difficulty, there is the still more formidable one arising from the mechanical habits of mind induced by the soulless drudgery of the piano. Here the pupils do not learn music, but mechanical brilliance. They do not feel or understand what they play any more than a musical snuff-box, and yet for this barren accomplishment they sacrifice the best years of their life. With them, 'the principal object of the teacher must be to draw the attention to the more poetical part of music; to explain the variety of form, the difference of character and style, and the consequent expression in the performance of solo compositions. Thus he may still succeed in imparting, as far as practicable, a thorough knowledge of its theory and practice, and at the same time cultivate the taste and judgment that are so indispensable for understanding and enjoying works of art.'

But to the poorer classes music is of far greater importance than to any other, as an elevating and noble substitute for grosser pleasures; since dissipation in such classes arises commonly, as has been stated before parliament, from the want of rational enjoyments, and especially from the intellectual destitution of the female part of the population.

The musical education, Dr Mainzer thinks, should commence in infant schools, where children should learn little melodies, in poetry and music, and sing only by heart. In schools of children, again, from seven to twelve years of age, 'singing at sight must become as general as reading the mother tongue.' When this is

the case, the style of music will grow with the child till it reaches that which gives it its lofty destiny—domestic or family music. 'In a country where dramatic works have so long and so exclusively occupied the field, it is difficult to make it understood what family, what domestic music is. In the expectation that this style of composition would soon find poets and musicians, we might mention as such, the smaller pieces of Handel and Mozart, the psalms of Marcello; or, should we name the work of a more modern master, those beautiful duets of Rinck, called, in the English translation, "The Sabbath Eve." In the character of these simple musical dialogues, of which the English poet has unfortunately too much contracted the thought, is our idea of one kind of family music best personified. They have that sublime cast, that lofty tone and sentiment, which mark this kind of music as the most cheering, the most elevating. Who once has been a witness of the magic charm thrown over a family by the true and expressive interpretation of such simple compositions; who has seen what a little paradise rises, as by enchantment, out of the few inspired strains of the poet-musician, will ever forget what an endless ocean rolls its waves between the every-day compositions, and works, such as we understand them, and as we would fain see them domesticated under every roof, at every fireside?'

But Dr Mainzer does not dogmatise as to schools and methods. 'Teach! teach!' that is his cry. Let the labourers work as they please; give full scope to competition; encourage talent; and throw wide open the gates of instruction. 'The educational and family music, scarcely known as yet by name, will, in the midst of an ocean, in all its various changes and tempests, stand in its simplicity, purity, and grandeur like a rock, and bear unshaken the sway of all the surrounding tides of style and fashion. There will be a music which appears neither upon the stage nor the market-place, neither in concerts nor drawing-rooms, but which modestly enlivens the school and the cottage, and helps to instruct the people, to embellish the hour of toil and that of rest. Thus music will again be looked at with reverence. In churches she will fill, like a stream, the hearts of the multitude; she will again appear as the minstrel and the harp of old in our dwelling; be our guardian angel, a heavenly messenger, our teacher, friend, and comforter; and from her deepest dejection, from a state of servitude, corruption, and degeneracy, rise, a new Phoenix out of ashes, higher and higher to a glorious apotheosis.'

Such is our author's *finale*; and in closing the volume, we feel that, during its perusal, we have been drawn into the vortex of its amiable enthusiasm. The work is dedicated to the members of the Educational Institute of Scotland; but we hope its circulation will go far beyond even that extensive body, and that, as a treatise introductory to family music, it will become a family book.

CHANGE OF AIR.

An occasional change of air may be said to be almost necessary to the perfect wellbeing of every man. The workman must leave his workshop, the student his library, and the lawyer his office, or sooner or later his health will pay the penalty; and this, no matter how great his temperance in eating and drinking—no matter how vigorously and regularly he uses his limbs—no matter how open, and dry, and free from sources of impurity may be the air of the place in which he is employed. In the slighter cases of impaired health, the sleeping in the suburbs of the town in which the life is chiefly spent, or even the spending a few hours of detached days in some accessible rural district, at a few miles' distance from the dwelling, may suffice to restore the healthy balance of the bodily functions, and maintain the bodily machine in a fit state for its duties; or in cases of somewhat more urgency, or of somewhat more aggravated character, a more decided change of air, for even a few days, once or twice a year, may suffice to adjust or restore the due economy of the system.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

THE ROBIN REDBREASTS' CHORUS.

[There is an old English belief, that when a sick person is about to depart, a chorus of Robin Redbreasts raise their plaintive songs near the house of death.]

The summer sweets had passed away, with many a heart-throb sore,

For warning voices said that she would ne'er see summer more;
But still I hoped—"against hope itself—and at the autumn tide,
With joy I marked returning strength, while watching by her side.

But dreary winter and his blasts came with redoubled gloom,
With trembling hands the Christmas boughs I hung around the room;

For gone the warmth of autumn days—her life was on the wane;
Those Christmas boughs at Candlemas I took not down again!

One day a Robin Redbreast came unto the casement near,
She loved its soft and plaintive note, which few unmoved can hear;
But on each sad successive day this redbreast ceased not bringing
Other Robins, till a chorus full and rich was singing.

Then, then I knew that death was nigh, and slowly stalking on;
I gazed with speechless agony on our beloved one;
No tearful eye, no fluttering mien, such sorrow durst betray—
We tried to soothe each pining pang of nature's last decay.

The blessed Sabbath morning came, the last she ever saw;
And I had read of Jesus' love, of God's eternal law,
Amid the distant silver chime of Sunday bells sweet ringing—
Amid a chorus rich and full of Robin Redbreasts singing!

The grass waves high, the fields are green, which skirt the church-yard side,

Where charnel vaults with massive walls their slumbering inmates hide;

The ancient trees cast shadows broad, the sparkling waters leap,
And still the Redbreast sings around her long and dreamless sleep.

C. A. M. W.

* Evergreens hung about on Christmas eve, ought to be taken down on the 24 February—Candlemas-day—according to old usage.

AN EXEMPLARY LANDED PROPRIETOR.

The following account of the improvement and thorough change of character of the estate of Bogbain, near Tain, lately appeared in the Ross-shire 'Advertiser'; and shows what vast changes for the better may be made on waste lands by the application of capital guided by enterprise and skill. When the proprietor, Mr Kennedy, purchased Bogbain in 1836, it might be said to be almost in a state of nature. The yield of corn that year amounted to five small stacks, while this year we counted in the corn-yard nearly 100 large stacks of wheat, barley, and oats, besides an immense stack of hay. There are 80 acres under turnips, 25 of which are Swedish, and each acre of the latter will, it is expected, produce from 35 to 40 tons. The arable land is now subdivided, and enclosed with thriving hedges and wire fences into parks of from 28 to 30 acres each—all in one beautiful sheet—comprising about 340 acres, trenched 22 inches deep, all tile-drained 15 feet asunder. The main drains are built with stone, with covers of freestone 3 inches thick. A large space of from 40 to 50 acres, which formerly was a lake of from 5 to 8 feet deep, is now the most fertile and productive spot on the estate. The canals (one of which is 4000 yards long, and from 5 to 9 feet deep) carry the whole water off the property, are covered so far as the arable land extends, and afterwards merge through the plantations, which are also all thorough drained, and are emptied in the romantic Loch Oigh. The soil of Bogbain is of a fine sharp loam and clayey nature, with a southern exposure, well sheltered, and mostly level, the highest part not being above 80 feet above the level of the sea. There are no public roads passing through the estate, except the approach to the residence. The farm-steadings are of the first class, the greater part of which have been erected by the proprietor. The trenching, draining, roads, and fencing at Bogbain, with other improvements, have cost Mr Kennedy upwards of £16,000, who, till lately (when the improvements were so far completed), annually employed from 100 to 150 labourers. The plantations on the estate extended from 350 to 400 acres, consisting of hardwood, fir, and larch. There is a regular nursery, in which are reared all sorts of forest trees.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 58 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. McGLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.